

## NAMES

Belinda and Rebecca,  
Mehetabel and Sue,  
Hannah and Amanda,  
What has become of you?

Once glorious in hoop and curl,  
With modest maiden grace  
You led our fathers such a dance  
They scarce could keep the pace.

I wonder, if you came again,  
With parted dusky hair,  
And no three-storied pompadour,  
If they'd still think you fair?

If ping-pong youth, and those that steer  
The weary auto-car,  
Golf fiends and gridiron champions,  
Would let you stand afar?

Or of the Vassar tailor-mades,  
The Bryn Mawr stunning whips,  
Or Chicago's jockey sweaters would  
Your old-time race eclipse?

No, though you never made a tee,  
Nor held a handle-bar,  
And though your tender feelings would  
Have fled a football star.

Belinda and Rebecca,  
Mehetabel and Sue,  
Hannah and Amanda,  
They still would worship you!  
—Alice R. Corbin in Life.

## THE TRUTHFULNESS OF G. W.

His first name was George, and as he was the color of strong coffee, of course his last name was Washington. He had eyes as white as clabber, teeth to match. He was running away, as any one else might whose birthday had gone wrong.

You see it was his first birthday—at least the first he had ever known. He had discovered the date of it in uncle Sol's almanac—Feb. 22, George Washington's birthday.

He had heard that those lucky enough to have birthdays got presents thereon, and that there was to be a holiday and a parade of the firemen in the nearby towns in honor of this occasion. He was naturally rather proud and anticipatory in consequence.

And then the day had come, and there were no birthday gifts from the white folks as he had hoped, he was not allowed to go to town to see his own procession, and instead of a holiday he had been rated for laziness and put on the woodpile.

Was it any wonder, under these accumulated grievances, that he ran away, and now stood, a rather shivering figure, in the muddy, half-frozen road, while he waited with a persuasive grin for the buggy of Mr. Lex Carlin going toward?

Not only had it been common talk in the kitchen that young Marster Lex Carlin was courting Miss Claribel, but George, as he stood behind old Miss Mary's chair, had observed and drawn conclusions for himself.

Mr. Carlin had not been near the Fairview plantation, however, since the first of the year, and it was said that he and Miss Claribel had quarreled, but still there was a chance of a lift to town, and George was not the one to lose chances.

"Miss Mary done sent me to town for to fetch her some medicine for aunt Sallie's rheumatiz," he explained glibly, "and I reckoned you mought lemme ride wid you, suh."

Carlin was a goodnatured fellow, and besides wanted news of his beloved, so he made room for the boy beside him. In return he got the news.

George knew what Carlin wanted, and glided with the celerity of practice from the general into the particular, and that particular which would most interest his host.

"Miss Clar'bel been feelin' mighty po'ly since you quit comin' to de house, Marse Lex. She's kinder peakin' and pinin' liken she lost sumpin'—and she don't eat nothin' skaselv. Dat's de reason she and old Miss Celia is projeckin' to go to the city, Miss Clar'bel don't wanten go, but ole Miss bound she shall."

"How does I know?" he continued. "Lordy, thar ain't much gwine on I don't see. No suh! Ole Miss think Miss Clar'bel done forgit you offen her mind if she go away fum here, and den marry dat Mr. Carter fum Baltimore, but she ain't forgittin'—an' she ain't gwine to forgit, neither. Dat day you an' she quarled, an' you rode off down de lane a cassin' and lef' her standin' in the drawin'-room. I was out on der back po'ch an' I seed her cryin'—"

"She didn't cry much that I saw," Carlin burst out, "Don't lie to me, you black rascal!"

"Deed I ain't lyin' Marse Lex. I done seed her."

They rode along in silence for some time while Carlin digested this information he had heard. So far the expected quarter had not appeared, and George started on a new effort for it.

"One day Miss Clar'bel giv me a note fer you," he said casually.

"A note!" Carlin cried. "Why didn't you bring it to me?"

"Miss Mary, she come out an' ax me whar was I gwine an I tole her an' she done take de note away. She tell me if Miss Clar'bel give me any more notes I was to bring 'em to her. She says she ain't gwine to have you as a son-in-law nohow. She took a note off me this yere very mornin'."



Waited with a persuasive grin.

Carlin swore. Then he put his hand in his pocket and drew out a big shining half-dollar.

"George," he said, "if Miss Clar'bel gives you any more notes for me, you bring 'em to me, and you'll get a half-dollar for each one."

George assented willingly and was happy. Behold, his work had at last

borne fruit. There was balm in Gilead and good in birthdays after all.

It was a great day for George Washington. His wealth commanded the admiration of others, both white and black, of his own age, and he bought the harmonica his musical soul longed for. The tail of the day found him penniless but happy, save for the four-mile homeward tramp.

As for the greeting he would get on arrival that was too far in the future to bother him. How to get home was the problem.

Carlin had not gone back, and George found him in Doc Stayton's drug store.

"I've been lookin' for you, Marse Lex," he said, "for to tell you sumpin' what Miss Clar'bel done tole me to tell you. Hit done get clean outer my 'membrance this yere mornin'. She say to me dat if I was to see you I was to tell you she was willin' to make up wid you, but she warn't gwine to wait no long time."

"She told you that?" cried Carlin, suspiciously.

"No, suh, she ain't jes' tole me, but dat note, Miss Mary done get dis mornin', hit say hit."

"How do you know?"

"Cause I done read hit," explained George Washington frankly. "Hit say dat sheh was waitin' for you, an' that lessen you come this yere very night to see her, she's gwine to marry that other genterman—dat Mr. Tom Carter, dat Miss Mary want her to."

"Why in thunder didn't you tell me this before, you little imp?" growled Carlin as he started for his buggy.

Tired with his day, George Washington alternately slumbered and



"But I dun seed you kissin' Marse Lex's pictur, yesterday."

jogged awake as the buggy whirled along over the rough Virginia road to Fairview hall.

When at last they drew up in the circle before the door, and he had hitched the horse to the old locust at the corner of the veranda, George Washington lost no time in climbing to his bed over the back kitchen.

It was not destined to long. He was brought out of sleep and his quilts with a jerk and a hand grasping his collar. The hand was that of Mr. Carlin, and it marched George Washington down the kitchen stairs, through the dining room into the parlor, where Miss Claribel was sitting with an indignant flush on her face and her eyes snapping.

"Did you tell Mr. Carlin that I wrote him notes?" said Miss Claribel.

It was on George Washington's lips to deny the charge, but he saw Carlin handling a small riding whip suggestively.

"Yas'm," said he huskily.

"And that I wanted him to come here to-night—and make up?"

"Yas'm."

"What made you tell those lies?" The greater Washington's name-sake felt of a crack in the floor with one bare brown toe.

"I dunno, Miss Clar'bel. I just reckoned Marse Lex would like to yere it."

"But I never said anything of the kind."

"No'm," George looked up boldly,

"you ain't never said hit, but I done seed you kissin' of Marse Lex's picture yesterday—an' if you didn't want him to make up what for was you doin' dat?"

Miss Claribel colored. It was one thing to ask questions and quite another to answer them. George saw his advantage.

"Co'se I lied some, but I ain't lied so mighty much, Miss Clar'bel. Miss Mary did say one day dat she wisht you'd marry dat Carter genterman, an' dat she was goin' to sen' you away. And if you had giv me a note for Marse Lex, I specks Miss Mary would took it away fum me. An' I knowed Marse Lex was wantin' to make up wid you, an' you was wantin' him to if he'd come yere and say so. No'm, I ain't tell so mighty many lies."

Carlin stepped up to the girl's side. "Claribel, dear," he said, "is the boy right? Do you care yet?"

"I reckon I do—only—only I never would have told you," said Miss Claribel softly.

It was the sound of a chuckle that brought Carlin up with a start, and a moment after George Washington found himself set firmly out in the hall, the door closed behind him, and a silver dollar in his hand.

"I wisht them yere burthdays was every day," said George Washington as he climbed the stairs to his bedroom.—Boston Globe.

### WILL HAVE TO EXPLAIN.

**Congressman Wachter Anticipates Trouble With Constituents.**

Representative Wachter of Baltimore ran around in circles in the house of representatives to-day. Last Saturday Miss Alice Roosevelt, Count Cassini, the Countess Cassini, and Secretary Loeb and Mrs. Loeb rode over to Baltimore in an automobile. The Baltimore papers printed the story and said that Representative Wachter entertained them at luncheon.

When Wachter got to the house this morning several members met him with the cheering cry: "So you are a Russian sympathizer, are you?"

Wachter went up in the air. "It's false," he said. "I am not a Russian sympathizer. I didn't entertain Cassini at luncheon. I don't know him. I never saw him. I—I—I—"

Words failed at this point and Wachter simply sputtered. Later in the day it developed that nearly all the people in Baltimore who emigrated from Russia and Poland live in Wachter's district and have votes.—Washington correspondence St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

### Wealth.

Blessed is the man who sees the royal splendor  
Hid in the landscape, though the thick fogs roll,  
Whose heart by Love is kept so warm and tender  
That fogs or tempests never reach his soul.

The flowery hills and dales are robbed of beauty,  
Earth is a desert with no fertile spot,  
To him whose life has only toil and duty,  
To whose lone hearthstone sweet love cometh not.

His home may be a palace; yet he loses  
The sweetest treasure that life can impart,  
Success or failure comes as each one chooses,  
Whether his wealth shall be of purse or heart.

Love and contentment, goodness, hopes ethereal,  
To the possessor give the greatest wealth;  
For gold becomes a curse, and all material  
That robs us of our birthright, heaven and health.

Blessed is the man whose happy soul hath risen  
From the dead plane of sense, through faith and trust;  
Blessed is the man whom Love hath led from prison  
Where life is—heart to heart, not dust to dust.

—Eliza Lamb Martyn.

### Birthplace of Thomas Hardy.

The mother of Thomas Hardy, the novelist, died at the age of 91 in the little thatched cottage which she had occupied all her life on the heath at Bockhampton, near Dorchester, in which Thomas Hardy was born. Thence he used to trudge daily to the national school at Dorchester and later to his work at an architect's office in the same town.